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a conservative power, one is reminded of the small town communities in the West and South of our own land.

Edmund Gosse went to Denmark under the happiest of circumstances, with letters of introduction that took him as permanent guest into the family of the popular and learned Primate of the Danish church. From the Primate's house the young student went out to meet all who were interesting in the political, literary, musical, and ecclesiastical circles of Denmark. Niels Gade, especially, furnishes him with material for delightful portraiture. The author's description of his acquaintance with, and interest in, Georg Brandes and the horror and repulsion which this young writer aroused in Denmark, is very amusing. Such was the violence of feeling toward one who sought his culture outside the beaten track, that Gosse had to request the young man not to return his call at the Primate's house. The only parallel which the author can cite is the universal suspicion and scurrility which Shelley's name excited in England some half-century earlier; or poor Swinburne, a decade before. Although Brandes had written no *Proserpina* and no *Dolores* as a slap in the face of the Philistine, he was a Jew and had defied the effete intellectuality of Denmark and had drawn on foreign sources—Germany, England, and France—for ideas. The tone of Copenhagen, at that time, says Gosse, "was graceful, romantic, orthodox. There was wide appreciation of literary speculation of a kind, kept within the bounds of good taste, reverently attached to the tradition of the elders."

Molbeck's description of being in Rome with Bjørnsen and Ibsen is delightful. It was, he said, "a weary, a weary thing! They were like two tom-cats parading and swearing and snarling at each other, yet each bored to death if the other were not present. They collected their adherents behind them; they were two well-defined parties. I assure you, if it amused the Norwegians, it was death to us easy-going Danes and Swedes. At last, Bjørnsen took himself off. Oh! what a sigh of relief we gave! And Ibsen came into the club, and glanced around, and snarled, and there was no one to snarl back at him!"

Anecdotes of great men that show them with all the foibles of lesser ones, more frankly displayed, are full of interest, and one cannot but enjoy hearing that William Morris, upon being disappointed in the prompt arrival of guides and ponies for an excursion, flung himself at full length on the grass, pulling up great handfuls of it in his frenzy of displeasure. Guides and ponies being descried in the distance, the great poet arose refreshed, rather than injured, by this free expression of emotion.

The Denmark which Edmund Gosse knew and described was beginning to change and to disappear in 1874. Before very long the entire world will be so brought together by facilities of intercommunication that there will be no indigenous and native culture, cut off and differentiated from the general culture of the world. It is as a record of such a culture and such a community that this charming volume of reminiscence justifies itself and delights the reader.

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SOCIAL LIFE IN THE INSECT WORLD. By J. H. FABRE. Translated by BERNARD MIALL. New York: The Century Company, 1912.

The truly great inevitably escape crowning by their contemporaries.

Shakespeare was considered inferior as a poet to Ben Jonson in his own day; Shelley was never known as a great poet while he was living, and Henri Fabre, in his ninetieth year, is reported as almost starving but for the tender care of Sisters of Charity. He was reckoned by Darwin among the greatest of the world's chosen; Victor Hugo called him the "Insects' Homer." He made possible such books as Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee*, Rostand's *Chantecler*, and the wonderful German *Maikäfer Comodie*. His introduction to the general English-reading public was also happily performed by Maeterlinck, who is none too profuse with such favors. He speaks of him as "one of the most profound and inventive scholars and one of the purest writers, as well as one of the finest poets of the century just past."

Fabre's great work, *Souvenirs Entomologiques*, fills ten large volumes devoted to minute observation of the habits and aspects of the insects of his native Provence. The present book is one to put in the hands of any intelligent child, and, despite himself, the social life and domestic romance of insect life will become as interesting as the adventures of Jack the Giant Killer. Is it not interesting, for example, after having the ant held up to us all our lives as a model of all the virtues, to learn that, like many a thrifty wealth-begetter, he is an ungrateful, shameless grafter who does not hesitate at cunning and theft? The truly industrious worker, who shares all her powers with the needy and suffering, and willingly accepts poverty in order to do good, is the grasshopper! There is a touch of contempt in the great scientist's rebuttal of the old fable of the ant and the cigale and his scorn of "the prudence ripe of farthing-snatchers." He tells how the ant robs and torments and exploits the cigale, and then, when winter comes and the short-lived cigale sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, the wicked little ant makes a final meal of the corpse.

"Hoarders of farthings, I know, deuce take it,  
It isn't the story as you would make it!  
Crook-fingers, big-bellies, what do you say,  
Who govern the world with the cash-box—hey?

"You have spread the story with shrug and smirk,  
That the artist ne'er does a stroke of work;  
And so let him suffer, the imbecile!  
Be ye silent! 'Tis you, I think,  
When the cigale pierces the vine to drink,  
Drive her away, her drink to steal;  
And when she is dead—you make your meal."

The large, light volume before us, with its fourteen beautiful insects, treats of the cigale, its relation to the ant, its burrow, song, and eggs. The song of the white-ash cigale is delightfully described as "Like a bag of dried walnuts being shaken in a bag till the shells broke."

The following chapters are on the ants, the scarabæus, the field cricket, the Italian cricket, the beetle, the *philanthus Aviporus*, a sort of cannibal bee; the emperor moth, whose romantic courtship has no parallel in the literature of humanity except in the great old fairy-tales where

lovers galore came to die or to win the one great princess of the world. The truffle-hunter, the elephant beetle, the pea-weevil, the haricot-weevil, the gray cricket, and pine-chaffer share the remainder of the volume. The romance, the poetry, the purpose of insect life is so delightfully brought out in these chapters that the most untechnical cannot fail to enjoy, even as one enjoys the great Hudson's books on Nature, while it is comforting to know from the best authorities that we are reading no popularizer of science, but one of the most original investigators living, of whom Maeterlinck says:

"To the patience, the precision, the scientific minuteness, the protean and practical ingenuity, the energy of a Darwin in the face of the unknown, to the faculty of expressing what has to be expressed with order, clearness, and certainty, the venerable anchorite of Sérignan adds many of those qualities which are not to be acquired, certain of those innate good poetic virtues which cause his sure and supple prose, devoid of artificial ornament and yet adorned with simple and, as it were, involuntary charms, to take its place among the excellent and durable prose of the day, prose of the kind that has its own atmosphere, in which we breathe gratefully and tranquilly, and which we find only around the great works."

One example of this prose must suffice:

"At this season, in the hours of twilight, the pine-chaffer comes every evening, if the weather is fine, to visit the pine-trees in the garden. I follow its evolutions with my eyes. With a silent flight, not without spirit, the males especially wheel and wheel about, extending their great antennary plumes; they go to and fro, to and fro, a procession of flying shadows upon the pale blue of the sky in which the last light of day is dying. They settle, take flight again, and once more resume their busy rounds."

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THE LIFE OF NIETZSCHE. By FRAU FÖRSTER-NIETZSCHE. Translated by Anthony M. Ludovici. Vol. I. THE YOUNG NIETZSCHE. New York: Sturgis & Walton, 1912.

Despite its tone of untutored adulation, Frau Förster-Nietzsche offers in this first volume of the life of her brother almost the ideal biography. It is not critical, but it may be that the deepest love sees truest, and this book would go far to making one understand one of the most contradictory characters in modern literature. The time covered by this volume is that from 1844 to 1876. That the character portrayed is not quite so superhuman as the devoted sister would have us believe is as transparent a fact as that her descriptions of the personal appearance of the beloved brother do not tally with the photographs given. A fine, high brow, a well-set ear, and deep-set eyes are the only claims the photographs of Nietzsche make to good looks. The nose is too short, broad, and stubby, while whatever beauty mouth, chin, and facial angle might have boasted is completely hidden by the long, fierce, bushy mustache. His face has none of the beauty and refinement of his father's or of Frau Förster-Nietzsche's own as shown in the portraits.

The first half of this volume is long drawn out and gives the fairly ordinary biography of a conscientious, clever, self-conscious boy. From